

Cold Hate, Warm Blood

Cryptopsy

Late last night at rest with my mate
I'm visited by a victim of hate
A spectoral group, yet they're one and the same
They would never live
Nor would they have a name
A baby too young to walk or to talk
Rocked to sleep with a big, heavy rock
Becomes a tot with a baleful glare
Sucked from life by a shortage of air

A child beyond time without gender
Metamorphing to surrender
Each shape for one older and still
No end to how each could be killed

By chance in the polyverse i'm all of these
Each to fall prey with unnerving ease
To who knows which ambiguous marasmus
It asked at once knowing
And unknowing the answers

To things far removed from my experience
Or need to know and thus it thanked me
For sparing it death's multiplicitous masques
And life's thankless laborious tasks

January, child born alas
February, still still frail as glass
March through a formative period you must
April child, in god, distrusts
May comes and goes and shortlived is the hope
June is the halfway mark of your rope
July child fears end of time
August child in slow decline
September, sense starts to fail
October's child, the burden ails
November's child malingers on
December's child is dead and gone